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*Satire Sixth.*

This satire contains a description of the “Miseries” of a Paris life, and is imitated from the third of Juvenal.

WHAT noises—What noises ! for blessedness’ sake,  
Does *lodging*, at Paris, mean *keeping awake* ?  
What mischievous demon that prowls the night long,  
Has unkennell’d the cats from the drains in a throng ?  
Scarce (illfated wight !) have I sunk into bed,  
With hypo, and trouble, and terrour half dead,  
When it seems that the very Tartarean shades  
Had come to salute me with shrill serenades.  
Some are growling and snarling like tigers—and worse ;  
Some are whining and mewling, like infants at nurse.  
And to trouble my rest, e’en the mice and the rats  
Have a good understanding, I know, with the cats.  
A far greater *bore* in the dark to endure  
Than was ever by daylight—the Abbé de Pure.\*

The whole world has conspir’d to disturb my repose,  
And the horrors just drawn are the least of my woes.  
For scarce have the cocks, with their agoniz’d screams,  
Dispers’d into air the whole neighbourhood’s dreams,  
When a merciless fellow, of Vulcan’s grim train,  
Awak’d before dawn by the curst love of gain,  
Torments with his hammer the loud ringing steel,  
And invades my poor head with a din that I *feel*.  
Already the trucks o’er the pavements are bounding,  
The shops are all op’ning, the masons are pounding,  
While from ev’ry far quarter the clocks and the bells  
Assailing the clouds with funereal knells,  
With the winds and the hail a full concert are giving,  
And to honour the dead, mean to martyr the living.

Nor yet would I censure the fates as unkind ;  
If my whole tribulation to *this* were confin’d.  
But alone in my bed if I’ve reason to curse,  
When I venture abroad, it is twenty times worse ;  
Wheresoever I go, I must worry along,  
And elbow an endless and troublesome throng.

\* This poor Abbé, it seems, besides the disparaging character given of him in the fourth Satire (see last No. North American Review) was more-over the most tedious of wits.

With a board which he carries, one hits me a blow,  
 Another (the wretch) turns aside my chapeau.  
 In a moment a fun'ral procession I meet,  
 With slow, solemn paces usurping the street;  
 There, some quarrelsome lacquies, in rage pulling hair,  
 Make the very dogs bark, and the passengers swear.  
 Here, a cluster of paviers my wanderings close,  
 There, a cross\* is hung out, horrid presage of woes,  
 While the workmen rain down on unfortunate pates  
 From the housetop whole showers of tiles and of slates.  
 Here, slipping and tugging along the pav'd road,  
 Six horses drag slowly their cumbersome load,  
 While pois'd upon trucks a huge beam nods and shakes,  
 And threatens with ruin the crowd that it makes.  
 A corner this measureless team soon approach,  
 And turning, encounter the wheels of a coach,  
 Which o'erthrown by the shock on a large heap of clay,  
 Is both helpless itself, and encumbers the way.  
 That instant, another essaying to pass,  
 Confounding confusion, enlarges the mass.  
 Ere long twenty coaches a rear guard shall bring,  
 And more than a thousand soon add to the string;  
 And to crown the disaster, some mischievous lot  
 Brings a great drove of oxen direct to the spot.  
 All endeavour to pass; some groan and some swear,  
 While the bray of the mules rends asunder the air.  
 Soon the horse guards are call'd, and a hundred rush in,  
 Doing nothing at all but increasing the din;  
 Or remaining fast fixt by the crowds that increase,  
 Just think—barricades in the middle of peace!  
 Now nothing is heard but a hubbub of cries,  
 Which might drown e'en the thunder that bursts from the  
 skies.

Whilst I, with a dozen appointments to meet,  
 As the day fast declines, am detain'd in the street,  
 And exhausted, scarce know to which saint to appeal.  
 At the hazard of breaking myself on a wheel,  
 I leap twenty gutters—I dodge—and I scud—  
 Genaud,† riding by, soils me over with mud;  
 And unfit in this plight to be look'd at by man,  
 At random directions, I 'scape as I can.

\* It was the custom at that time for the masons to hang out a cross of laths from the roofs of the houses, which they were covering, to warn passengers to keep at a distance. At present they display a single lath.

† This was the most celebrated physician in Paris. He always rode on horseback.

In some corner at length as I wipe off the stains,  
 In the midst of my grumbling, it suddenly rains.  
 You would say that the heavens, dissolving in waters,  
 Had sent a new flood to inundate these quarters.  
 A sorry contrivance just gives you the power  
 To cross o'er the street in the midst of the shower.  
 A board is laid resting, or tottering on stones,  
 Where the hardiest lacquey might fear for his bones.  
 While the numerous torrents, that burst from the spouts,  
 Swell up into rivers, pursuing their routes.  
 Yet in spite of much stumbling, I hurry my flight,  
 Well knowing the horrors of Paris at night.

For no sooner has day in the calm shade repos'd,  
 When by firm double padlocks the shops are all clos'd,  
 When the peaceable merchant retires from his store,  
 His chages and profits at home to look o'er,  
 When all at New Market is tranquil and calm,  
 That instant the thieves set the town in alarm.  
 Then the murkiest woods, and the haunts most obscure,  
 Compar'd with this city, are blest and secure.  
 Woe then to the man whom some sudden affair  
 Compels to a bye path or lane to repair ;  
 Four bandits will rush and surround him . . . "your purse !"  
 He must fain give it up, or endure something worse,  
 And expect that his death will adorn the grim leaves  
 Of that tragick production, *The Hist'ry of Thieves*.  
 As for me, with lock'd door, and with efforts to sleep,  
 The same hours with the sun I most carefully keep.  
 But scarce in my room have I put out the light,  
 When rest is forbidden my organs of sight.  
 Some impudent robbers, who prowling round the spot,  
 Let drive through my shutters a huge pistol shot.  
 Or the loud cry of Murder ! they every where raise,  
 Or some neighbouring mansion is wrapt in a blaze.  
 Here I rise in good earnest, half dead with affright,  
 And without any doublet, rush outward in flight.  
 For the flames, with a fury no art can destroy,  
 Rage around the whole place, as they once did at Troy,  
 Where many an Argive, and half famish'd Greek,  
 Trode on through the burning, his plunder to seek.  
 At length by the firehooks the ruin is broke,  
 And the house tumbling down emits volumes of smoke.

Now home I return, but with tremour and gloom,  
 And the day has appear'd when I enter my room.  
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In vain for repose do I sadly lie down,  
*Wealth* only can sleep in this horrible town,  
 And *that* in some fence-guarded, elegant seat,  
 In a quiet apartment, remote from the street.

The rich man at Paris in freedom can live,  
 Since wealth all the joys of the country can give.  
 'Tis his, in the depth of midwinter to bring  
 To his garden the green trees and fresh plants of spring,  
 And while treading about on his beds of sweet flowers,  
 Their perfumes to breathe in his soft leisure hours.

But the poet—heigh ho—without fireside or room,  
 Must lodge where he can, and as fortune shall doom.



*On a painting of Col. John Trumbull, representing a scene  
 from Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

AMID the brilliant group, which lib'ral taste  
 Selects to gild its mansion, and to charm  
 The virtuoso's eye, the landscape fair,  
 The form pourtray'd that from the canvass starts,  
 With breathing lip and feature, *one* there is  
 That mingles all this magick. On its front  
 The bold descendant of that ancient line,  
 Which Scotland in her better days rever'd,  
 Stands first. His lofty form, though mark'd by time,  
 Seems like the forest king, that holds in age  
 Preeminence, and bows, but not decays.  
 Born for authority, upon his brow  
 He bears its semblance; silently we gaze  
 And breathe the name of Douglass; while the glance  
 Piercing, yet pensive of that noble eye,  
 Still speaks of wrongs endur'd, yet unreveng'd,  
 And wakes that sympathy which generous souls  
 Will feel for suff'ring virtue. By his side  
 Is seen a youth of native majesty,  
 The fearless Malcolm, "beautiful and brave."  
 He, having nothing basely to conceal,  
 Dreads nothing, and his cloudless eye looks up  
 In the pure dignity of innocence,  
 Ev'n as the guardian eye of angels might  
 Look down on him. And next, a fairer form,